

## Little Brother "Grown Man"

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[Talib Kweli:]

Uh, okaaay

Yeah, it's gorgeous

I wrote this rhyme in Hawaii while admiring the  
beautiful stars

To go to big dip on Jupiter, Mars

And from a yard in Brooklyn, hit my usual bars

I rock the Japanese denim and the Cuban cigars

Pack my trees coming in from the Bay

Like Too \$hort I chill with Long Beach Mike and

Dave New York it's, Mr. International, I paddle down a  
hundred rivers

Know enough, then I show up rollin with a hundred  
niggas

I pull my pants up and start forcin up like dancer

Get up, stand up, we need to man up

I got a picture of my kids as my screensaver

A grown ass man, I stopped dressin like a teenager

Plus I got my executive bars up

These regular art-usts just reckless and none trust

Cussin cause the streets tight brewed where I come  
from

The only streets you know is the white dude from  
London, please

[Hook:]

You ain't got a leg to stand on

I'm the man in every city that I land on

I'm in your spot, I'm putting me and my mans on

Don't mind me, I'm just getting my grown man on

Say what? Say what? I'm just getting my grown man on

Say what? Say what? I'm just getting my grown man on

Say what? Say what? I'm just getting my grown man on

Don't mind me, I'm just getting my grown man on

[Rapper Big Pooh:]

It's a hundred outside, sixty-five in the ride

Butter soft seats, linin on, see me slide

Out, no yeses, know who the best is

Fuck who the rest is, my aura impresses

These young niggas start and stop with a necklace

Your turn Pooh but I like leavin em breathless  
Green and purple haze, sprinklin some grey  
Summer green low when I'm posted in the Bay  
Underground in the A, I like home in DC  
Any borough, any time, NYC  
Back in NC, everybody  
Feel a sense of pride when they hearin LB  
Mick and Kweli makin music that's timeless  
For the rhymeless, you can find this  
{Where at? } In your grown ass man section  
If you lookin for that other shit homie then keep  
steppin, uh

[Hook]

[Phonte:]

Uh, I was thinkin back on summer's past  
When me and my niggas was rollin down Summit Ave.  
Windows down with the pedal to the floor  
Just how long ago? Man you don't wanna ask, hah  
I laugh cause it passed by oh so quickly  
And my life went just the way I planned it  
I mean I know a nigga got signed cause he got rhymes  
But I got kids, got bills, goddamn it  
So I ain't got no time for that kiddy rap, chitter chat  
Homie with each word I'm paintin a backdrop  
Ain't got time for bullshitters cause life's the big picture  
In each rhyme I give you a snapshot  
Go to the crib and see old flames who missed they old  
frames  
Talkin bout how their life passed em by  
I tell em "Baby, you ain't got to be so cold  
Just cause you twice as old don't mean you have to  
stop" uh

[Hook]

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